The Beggars CHORUS,

In the Jovial Crew.

To an Excellent New Tune.

THere was a jovial Beggar,
he had a wooden Leg;
Lame from his Cradle,
and forced for to Beg:
And a Begging we will go, we'll go, we'll go,
and a Begging we will go.

A Bag for my Oat-meal,
another for my Salt,
A little pair of Crutches
to ſee how I can halt:
And a Begging, &c.

A Bag for my Bread,
another for my Cheeſe,
A little Dog to follow me
to gather what I leeſe:
And a Begging, &c.

A Bag for my Wheat,
another for my Rye,
A little Bottle by my ſide,
to drink when I'm adry:
And a Begging we will go, we'll go, we'll go,
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To *Pimlico* we'll go,
where merry we ſhall be,
With ev'ry Man a Can in's Hand,
and a Wench upon his Knee:
And a Begging, &c.

And when that we are diſpo'e l,
we tumble on the Graſs,
With long patch'd Coats
for to hide a pretty Laſs:
And a Begging, &c.

Seven Years I ſerved
my old Maſter Wild;
Seven Years I begged,
whilſt I was but a Child:
And a Begging, &c.

I had the pretty knack
for to wheedle and to cry;
By young and by old,
much pitied e'er was I:
And a Begging, &c.

Fatherleſs and Motherleſs
ſtill was my Complaint,
And none that ever ſaw me,
but took me for a Saint:
And a Begging, &c.

I begg'd for my Maſter,
and got him ſtore of Pelf;
But *Jove* now be praiſed,
I now beg for my ſelf:
And a Begging, &c.

Within a hollow Tree
I live, and pay no Rent;
Providence provides for me,
and I am well content:
And a Begging, &c.

Of all Occupations
a Beggar lives the beſt;
For when he is a weary
he'll lie him down and reſt:
And a Begging, &c.

I fear no Plots againſt me,
but live in open Cell;
Why who wou'd be a King,
when a Beggar lives ſo well?
And a Begging we will go, we'll go, we'll go,
And a Begging we will go.

Printed for J. Walter, *at the* Golden Ball *in* Pyecorner.